

EDITORIAL PAGE

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Page Two

Dismal Looking Place, Ain't It?



THOUGHT FOR TODAY

To promise is to give, to hope is to enjoy.—Delille.

Fraternization

Apparently the ban on fraternization between American soldiers and German civilians never did work very well. Correspondents in Germany sent back word that the ban was unwise, unpopular and sometimes unenforced. Now that it is lifted a lot of people over here seem to have discovered that the whole thing was wrong from the beginning.

Probably the restriction was a psychological blunder. Most young Americans are naturally friendly and curious—even those who fought fiercely against Hitler's armies and saw or experienced or heard of the horrors of Nazi brutality.

Yet for all their reasons for despising that manifestation of German character which was Nazism, they could not be forced to maintain that hatred against all Germans for 24 hours every day. The bearing of a grudge and the stifling of spontaneous friendliness can become a heavy burden and a wearisome frustration.

It's hard to choke off a friendly word to an aged person or a child. And to a healthy youngster far from home, a pretty girl is likely to be just a pretty girl, whatever her language and social or political background. So some of the occupation troops broke the no fraternizing rule, through loneliness or mischief or the perverse reaction that made teetotalers drink during prohibition.

But would we at home and the correspondents abroad have been happier

if the army had erased the score against Nazism with Nazism's downfall? Would we have preferred that the army, contradicting the evidence at hand, had placed all blame on a comparatively small group of proven war-guilty party members and absolved all other Germans?

Would we have liked it if our soldiers had been permitted immediately to hold hands with the daughters and sweethearts and perhaps widows of SS troopers who, only days before, were killing Americans in a desperate war to avert Hitler's sordid reich?

No, we shouldn't have liked that either. Perhaps it would have been the simpler way. Certainly it would have been more cynical. But while non-fraternization may have been an unworkable idea, it certainly was not a malicious idea, or anything but honest and pure in motive.

It arose from an early manifestation of a difficult problem that will grow more difficult before its final solution: What shall we do with the Germans?

The problem embraces a multitude of questions. How shall we feel about them? Must we forgive and forget? Can we assist them out of humanity and still distrust them out of wisdom and subjugate them out of justice?

Fortunately these questions will not have to be answered by our occupying forces. They will be answered in higher quarters where, fortunately, it will be found easier to maintain a suspicious vigilance and to remember the past horrors of people whom one doesn't know intimately.

Funny Business



SO THEY SAY

It's all very well to hope the Japanese will surrender in the next 30 days. That would be the same thing for the Japs to do. But the Japanese, like their German pals, aren't sane.
—Amarilla Texas, News-Globe.

I resent the implication that our Allies will not live up to their obligations.
—Sen. Charles W. Tobey of New Hampshire.

Spain is at the head of nations in social progress.
—Generalissimo Francisco Franco, Spanish Dictator.

Why some golfers change clothes in the locker room is inexplicable, as their appearance on emerging golf courses they have been tearing plumbags, straightening out a club, or just trying to enjoy themselves. They have not been holding out on the clothing drive.
—Miami, Okla., News-Record.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

By DREW PEARSON

WASHINGTON—The big three have now made two important decisions regarding peace plans for Europe, according to uncensored diplomatic dispatches cabled to Washington. Instead of one big over-all peace parley, they propose dividing the European peace problem into two parts:

(1) A separate peace conference for Italy; (2) A separate peace conference for the Balkans and the Satellite state, Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Hungary and Finland. After these two peace conferences are held, the plan is to stage a third and final peace conference for the entire world. This, however, would not take place until after Japan has been defeated.

The above decision has been tentatively agreed to, according to diplomatic cables; but all conversations for the big three will be subject to review before the final communiqué is issued.

It is understood both President Truman and Marshal Stalin found themselves in complete agreement regarding the importance of an early peace conference to settle Italian problems, but that Churchill was not too enthusiastic. Italian peace conference will include the United States, Great Britain, Russia, France, Greece, Yugoslavia and Albania. It is not entirely definite whether Ethiopia will also participate. Ethiopia, the first victim of aggression in the prelude to World War II, is still occupied by British troops.

The idea of a second peace conference, pertaining to the Balkans and other smaller European powers, results from a proposal made by Marshal Stalin last May when he sent identical telegrams to Churchill and Truman regarding the recognition of Bulgaria, Rumania and Finland. At that time, Truman suggested that the whole matter wait until the big three could discuss the matter, although he did not object to the immediate recognition of Finland.

Churchill telegraphed Stalin he also felt the entire question should wait until the big three meeting. However, the problem of ironing out all the details of permanent peace among the small countries of Europe is so complicated that it cannot be worked out at Potsdam; so it seems wise to refer the matter to an entirely separate peace conference.

This latter parley will probably take place somewhere within the soviet sphere of in-

fluence, possibly Vienna. It will settle all boundary questions, recognition of new governments, and reparation payments by the former axis countries to the allies.

There seems to be general agreement at Potsdam that any world peace conference such as that which followed World War I at Versailles would drag on for months and that it is much better to tackle these problems according to regions.

Inside Japan

Jap prisoners taken in Burma, Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies haven't the ghost of an idea as to what is happening in Japan. They can't believe U. S. forces are steaming close to the Jap mainland, still believe the Jap navy will reopen supply lines to the South Pacific. . . . Japan's domestic situation is increasingly desperate. Last week Tokyo ordered a further 10 percent cut in all basic rations, including staple items like fish and rice. . . . The Japanese railroads are being torn to pieces by B-29s. Rail junctions are clogged for days before traffic can clear through them. . . . The entire Jap administrative system has broken down. The Japs have now decentralized their government so every area has its own war production board, its own local defense system, even its own local tax collections.

Jap workers are now being drilled for home defense at noon hours, some even using pointed sticks as spears. . . . There is considerable debate inside the U. S. high command regarding the necessity for landing in China. Some think a Chinese invasion is necessary to protect our invasion flank when we land in the main Jap islands. Others believe a Chinese invasion would only use tight shipping and result in unnecessary casualties. The easiest way to aid China, they argue, is to defeat Japan quickly, not get bogged down with a long fight on the Chinese mainland. . . . The Japs are having trouble moving troops and supplies from Manchuria. B-29s have mashed up harbors in Korea and Manchuria so it is difficult to dock. . . . We have also mined Jap harbors so Jap merchant vessels can hardly get through. . . . Despite the claims of cleaning up northern Luzon, stiff fighting continues. The Japs are beaten but they don't know it. They are still making things tough for MacArthur's men—despite official communiques.

WE, THE WOMEN

By RUTH MILLETT

There is something wrong with the American conscience. In Chicago bogus ration stamps have so flooded the city that one official has pointed out their number is enough to sabotage the nation's entire meat rationing program. A check of stamps turned in by 19 Chicago merchants picked at random showed that 85 percent were counterfeit.

Certainly the great majority of persons who turned in those bogus stamps for meat wouldn't pass a bogus check in order to buy fine clothes. Not one of them would deliberately slow down the war effort by placing a time bomb in an airplane factory.

But somehow they ease their consciences when it comes to stealing and sabotaging with ration stamps. Maybe they haven't enough imagination to realize that when they get meat for nothing they aren't being smarter than the next guy and therefore doing something of which they can be proud as family providers, but instead are actually

stealing from the honest folks who play fair and square.

And maybe they haven't enough imagination to see that if the whole meat rationing program fails because of their crooked dealing, they are sabotaging the war effort as definitely as though they were conscious enemies of America. Perhaps we haven't been harsh enough in our judgment of the folks who cheat rationing in small ways. Perhaps we should have called them from the start by the names that they deserve.

Perhaps the folks who play square shouldn't have been quite such ladies and gentlemen in dealing with the crooks who brag, "I got a pound of butter without points" or "My butcher just winked when I told him I didn't have enough points for steak." The proper answer:

"Didn't it ever occur to you that you are stealing from my family and me, and everyone like us who is willing to share and share alike?"

Behind Scenes in Washington

By PETER EDSON, La Grande Evening Observer Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, July 25—A standing gag around Washington is that anyone having anything to do with disposal of surplus war materials will probably end his days in the penitentiary. As if to illustrate the gag, the first press conference for W. Stuart Symington, new chairman of the surplus property board, was held in the District of Columbia police headquarters. And the only room big enough to hold the gathering was where the cops and plainclothesmen size up the night's haul of petty crooks at morning police lineup. The reporters sat on the desks' stools and Symington stood up in front where he could be given the third degree. He turned out to be a nice looking young feller, blond hair, clean cut, dressed in a natty brown suit and matching tie. He handled himself well, considering he had been on the job less than 48 hours. Choice of the police lineup room for this first questioning was not deliberate. It just happened to be the only assembly room big enough to handle the crowd. When a gal reporter figured out that at the current rate of \$40,000,000 sales a month it would take over 200 years to get rid of the \$100,000,000,000 worth of surplus war materials, and asked Symington about it, he said, "Well, I don't expect to be here that long."

Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson retains all his pre-war interest as a judge in the administration of military justice. He's pretty proud of the record of fairness the army judge advocate and provost marshal's office have hung up in this war. Back in World War I, however, Judge Patterson had a slightly different slant on this subject and he tells a story on himself to prove it. He was a captain in the A. E. F. then, and it seems that some of the Yanks in his command, billeted in a small French farm village, stole the honey and destroyed the beehives belonging to a peasant. The beehives and the farmer got in a clown. Not knowing just who had stolen the honey, all the soldiers living in the house closest to the beekeeper's home were assessed for the damage, regardless of whether or not

they were guilty. That satisfied the Frenchman, but Judge Patterson says he can't defend it today as an example of good administration of military justice.

What to do with cranks that write letters asking for endorsement of screwball projects is one of the most serious concerns congressmen and government administrators have. If the official tries to be polite and writes back a letter which says nothing more than, "Your idea on tax-reform is interesting," the crackpot is apt to take that letter and use it as proof that he has official backing for his plans. Assistant Secretary of State Archibald Macleish seems to have invented a formula to beat this racket and still keep everybody happy. When a letter comes into his department asking for approval of some crack-brained theory, it gets a reply to the effect of, "Thank you for sending the letter on the subject about which you wrote me recently." etc. No mentioning any names or any specific causes, it can't be used to claim anything.

One of the minor problems of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's service forces in trying to wind up the war on some of the new peaceful islands of the southwest Pacific is what to do with thousands and thousands of cans of silver beetles. They were obtained from Australia in reserve lend-lease and were intended to be used to the troops. Silver beetles, as you don't know, are simply beet tops. Why they are called silver beetles is one of those great Australian mysteries, but down under they are considered a great delicacy particularly with mutton. To beef-eating Americans that adds up only when you say that you take a bite of silver beetles to kill the taste of the mutton and then a bite of mutton to kill the taste of the silver beetles. Anyway, Americans won't eat silver beetles, no matter what you do to 'em or with 'em. At a few spots where mess sergeants are no waiting pet pigeons, the swine are eating silver beetles direct from the can. That doesn't mean from the garbage cans, either.

Side Glances



"Just put the roast in this shoebox, will you, please? My neighbors would recognize that butcher's paper right away, and I don't want any excitement!"

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By WILLIAM E. MCKENNEY America's Card Authority

YOU GET CREDIT FOR WHAT'S BID

I was in Philadelphia recently and met Lt.-Col. Ben M. Golder. It was the colonel's first day out of uniform. He loves to bid, and he does put you in some peculiar contracts, but it is always an evening of laughs when you play with Ben. While I admit we went a little high on this hand—when everything worked—Ben's remark was, "Well, you can't get credit for a slam unless you bid it."

Colonel Golder ruffed the opening spade lead with the four of clubs, and the king of clubs was

then two losing diamonds would have been discarded on the king of hearts.

IN FORMER YEARS

30 Years Ago

The busy season was on in Elgin with haying, fall wheat harvest and threshing in the offing. The season had brought one of the earliest harvests in north Union county. There was plenty of help on hand for the harvest.

Many youngsters had signed to compete in the YMCA junior division water meet in the Y tank. There were eight events in each of the class A and class B divisions.

The "Saxon Six," with streamline body, left side steer, "tires generous in size (32 by 3 1/2)" and "cantilver springs of vanadium steel," was advertised for sale. It was also said to be exceptionally roomy, accommodating five passengers with ease.

15 Years Ago

Deer hunting in Wallowa county was expected to be excellent, a survey of the animal population of the district showed. There had never been a larger population of deer. Prospects for bird shooting were poor.

Convention of the Oregon Title association had started at the La Grande hotel with a fair crowd in attendance. B. F. Wyld of La Grande was president of the association. A. T. Hill, president of the city commission, delivered the address of welcome.

Fire had broken out in slushings on cutover land of the Mt. Emily Lumber company and had threatened a band of sheep and a sheepherders camp was partly burned.

10 Years Ago

Union stake members enjoyed a picnic on Catherine creek the day before in celebration of the 87th anniversary of the settling of Salt Lake basin by the Mormons. The days was spent in games, etc.

Julio Samper, chief of traffic of the republic of Colombia, registered at the Commercial club. He was studying American traffic control methods.

Golder			
▲ None	▲ 2	▲ 1065	▲ K J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4
▲ K Q 6 5 4	W	▲ A 10 8 7	▲ A 7 6 5
▲ Q J 9 8 4	S	▲ K J 9 4	▲ Q
▲ 2	Dealer	▲ J 9 3	
▲ 2		▲ K 10 3	
		▲ A Q 8 7 3	
		▲ A 3	
Rubber—E. W. vul.			
South	West	North	East
1 Pass	1 Pass	2 Pass	4 Pass
6 Pass	6 Pass	5 Pass	5 Double
6 Pass	6 Pass	6 Pass	6 Pass
Opening—A. 26			

played, which picked up the outstanding trump. Ben then led a small diamond and finessedummy's queen, which held. He turned to his hand by trumping a spade, and then led the deuce of hearts. East played low and the colonel went right up with the king. Now, of course, all he has to do is to concede the opponents a diamond trick. Had East gone in with the ace of hearts,

Questions & Answers

Q—What is unusual about the town of Brunel, Borneo port recently taken from the Japs by Allied troops?

A—Most dwellings are supported on stilts and surrounded by water. Travel along the "streets" is in native boats.

Q—What is the chief export commodity of Cuba?

A—Sugar, in which Cuba ranks second among nations.

This Curious World



Quiz Korner

IS A KNOT A MEASURE OF SPEED OR DISTANCE?



ANSWER: A measure of speed, being a speed of one nautical mile an hour.

NEXT: Looking over the moon.